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### Tomahawk, September 19, 1939

College of the Holy Cross

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Tuesday, September 19, 1939

## IN MEMORIAM

HEN The Very Rev. Francis J. Dolan, S.J. died, the newspapers of the country carried items of interest, biographical data, and glowing accounts of his career as a priest, administrator, and educator. The Tomahawk now wishes merely to look back on the days when Father Rector was in our midst and attempt to pay tribute in our own small way to one who gave his life that Holy Cross might live.

On the eighth day of September, as Bishops, Monsignori, priests, students, and laity overtaxed the capacity of our beautiful chapel, on that Friday morning when the royal purple, the sombre black, and the laymen's tweeds braved the downpour of rain in our little cemetery, our hearts were heavy. Holy Cross had lost her leader. Sheep we were, indeed, without a shepherd. Try as we would to converse throughout the day on other topics, invariably we returned to the one uppermost in our thoughts. The pain of loss seemed so severe that there were moments when we feared that we, who should teach resignation to others, were not completely resigned to God's will. The Holy Cross Alumnus, the Holy Cross student, friends of Holy Cross — all alike were saddened. He who from early morn till the late hours of the night worked daily that the Holy Cross standard might shine more brilliantly had heeded the words of Tobias,

*"thou shalt honour thy mother all the days of her life."*

All the days of Father Dolan's presidential life on the Hill were hours of hard work honouring our Alma Mater. This tireless worker for Mt. St. James was gone from our midst. For the first time, it seemed, we realized that he who had been our guide, benefactor, and friend had left the Hill forever.

In these trying times of international stress and quenchless desire for the things of time, Father Rector, on every occasion at his disposal, preserved that equality of balance, that sound sense of proportion, that prudent demeanor, which directed, urged, and finally compelled us to fix our eye on the dimly distant battlements of eternity. The graduates of last June, the alumni of preceding classes, the older men whose enviable lives and important places in this world make Holy Cross proud to claim them as her loyal sons — each and every one, to a man, was honestly sincere in his praise of this leader, who was courageous enough to tell all men of all classes the meaning of a life based on principle. Truly, Father Dolan was a guide not only in word but in deed. Today when the whole world seems to lean toward the rich and influential, he showed us how to stand firm and erect in allegiance to the humble poverty of Christ. **The poor he loved — the poor loved him.**

In that heavy-hearted throng which stood over the open grave were many who had received so bounteously of his generosity that each one felt that he alone was the greatest debtor. Father Rector was not only generous, but sympathetically generous. No one, not even the recipient, realized that a gift had been given, a good turn done, a favor granted, until the giver had gone and little opportunity remained to say a word of thanks. Few men in this age were more obedient to the command of the Old Testament

*"Turn not away thy face from any poor person: for so it shall come to pass that the face of the Lord shall not be turned from thee."*

God alone knows the golden nuggets of charity which were heaped in the hands of our benefactor as he stood at the Judgement Seat. Each one who had been favored knew, but no one else knew, of the many benefactions of this kindly silent man. How many there are who never would have had a college degree if it were not for Father Dolan!

As the hours crept on to evening on that sad Friday our grief grew more intense. We had lost a friend. Today friendship is so lightly regarded that we are likely to fall into the temptation of believing it no longer extant. Here was a man who valued its true significance — here was a man who spoke little, but whose life, every day as President of Holy Cross College, was a living definition of friendship. A modest man, self-hiding, loving the seclusion of a retired corner, who pushed himself to the fore only to lend a helping hand!

Reflection, however, on the life of this friendly guide and benefactor merge our sadness into joy. Our lives are the better because we were privileged to have known him. On earth we have been penetrated by the fire of his silent sanctity; now in heaven, a priest of God for all eternity, he cannot forget Holy Cross and the men of Holy Cross. He, who worked himself into the grave for Holy Cross, will never forget her beyond the grave.

Seldom can we write fearlessly about the life of any man. Some may disagree with our point of view and think our evaluation of his character too high. In the case of the Very Reverend Francis J. Dolan, of the Society of Jesus, late President of Holy Cross, we make bold to say that this or any other attempt to estimate his worth, would fall far short of a true evaluation. There is not a Holy Cross man, nor a Holy Cross Professor, nor a Holy Cross employee, nor a friend of Holy Cross who is not the richer materially or spiritually because of this man of God.

It is the wish of our new President, the Very Reverend Joseph R. N. Maxwell of the Society of Jesus, that faculty, alumni and students in their Masses and Communions continue to remember the soul of Father Dolan. On Thursday, the fifth of October, the entire student body will be allowed to manifest publicly their respect and devotion at a Solemn Requiem Mass.



*The Very Reverend Francis J. Dolan, S.J.*

PRESIDENT

COLLEGE OF THE HOLY CROSS  
WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

Born July 14, 1893  
Died Sept. 6, 1939

Term of Office: July 15, 1933  
Sept. 6, 1939

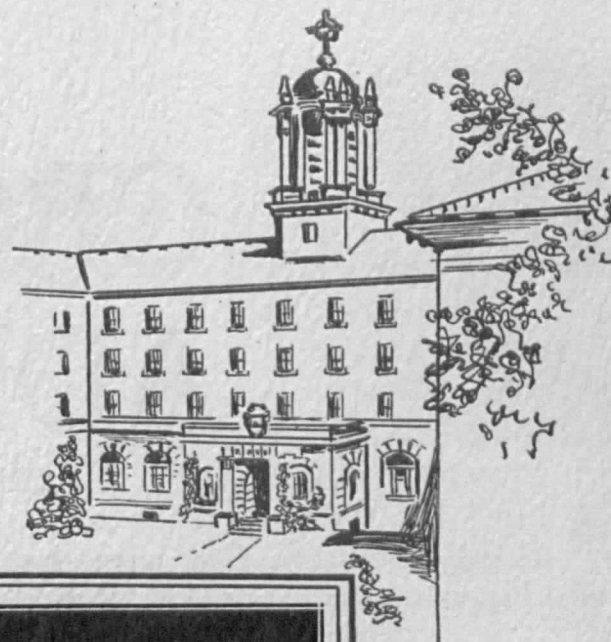
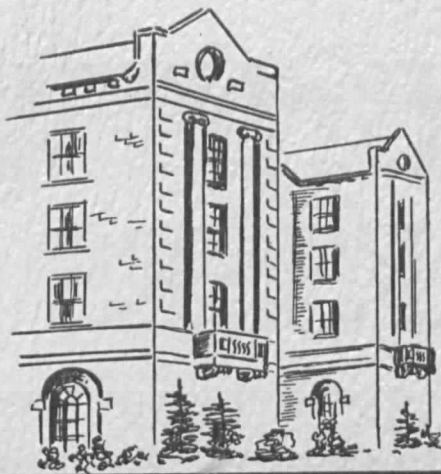
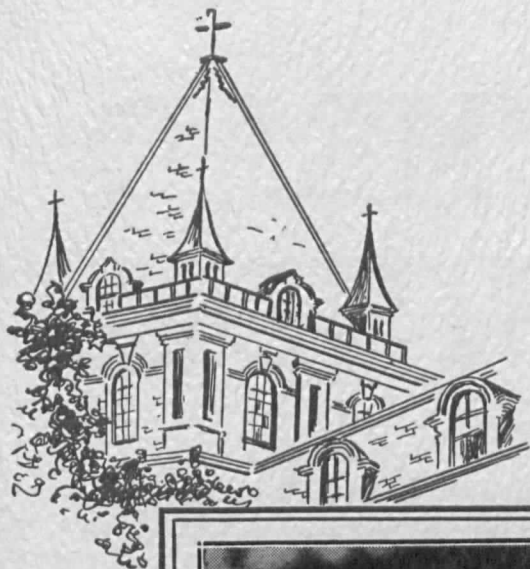




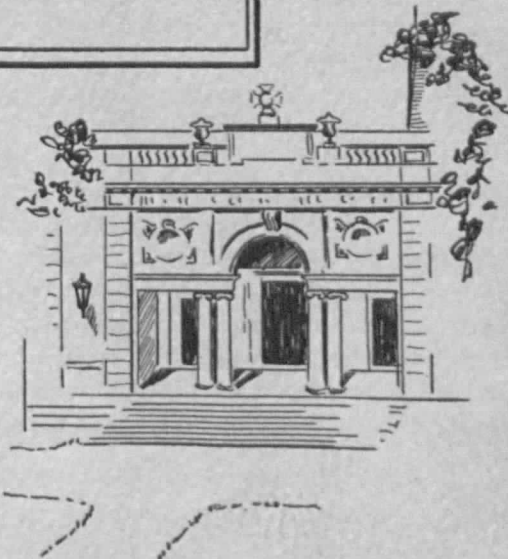
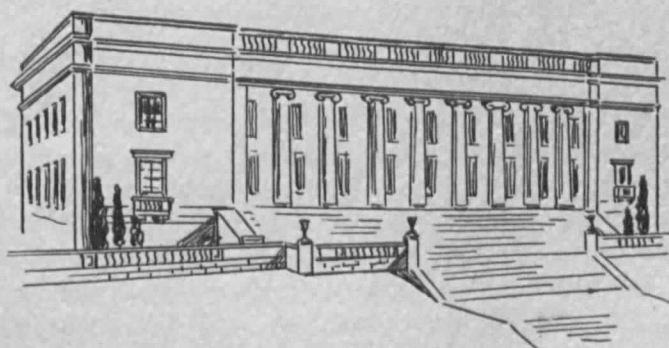








*The Very Rev. Joseph R. N. Maxwell, S. J.*





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# HOLY CROSS' NEW HEAD ADDRESSES STUDENTS

"For I judged myself to know nothing among you, but Jesus Christ,—and Him crucified." (1 Cor. ii. 2.)

Specialization is the cult of the age and the man who has specialized is the man of the hour. We no longer speak merely of the "doctor" or the "lawyer," but of the "brain specialist," the "eye-specialist," or of the "corporation lawyer," or the "criminologist." On the efficiency of specialization the world stakes its all. Is a city wayward and riotous?—summon the expert in reform, and the forces of evil skulk off in flight at his nod. Is a friend taken down with a threatening sickness?—summon the specialist in medicine and hear with bated breath his words of concentrated wisdom. The cult of specialization prevails everywhere. The world looks askance at the universal genius and versatility is a privilege of only the mediocre. Any grammar-school child will tell you that it is old-fashioned to study all three of the "R's," so it specializes in one. Every youth, we are told, must follow his natural bent whether it be for trigonometry or tennis. In the world at large "specialization" is the catch-word of omnipotent skill.

As to what specialization is, you are more than informed: the doctrine is preached from the house-tops. "Specialize!" we are told. "Run for a goal; not for the broad horizon!" Specialization is a hearkening back to Thermopylae and Cunaxa; it is a massing of our energies into a phalanx, and a sharp attack with a single-pointed front on the stronghold of the chosen specialty. Specialization takes the rub out of toil. It is fascinating and gripping. Every fresh bit of knowledge gained will — if your heart is in your study — flush your cheeks and send your heart a-thumping, as if you were Columbus sighting first the new America. Specialization, too, is the secret of industry. It stimulates the energies, rouses the feelings, and whips into play our fullest efficiency. Newer aspects of the study daily appear, wider relations are discovered, richer resources are sensed, and the ideal of mastery grows daily higher and higher—so that, where a man had agreed with himself to devote an hour a day to his hobby or specialty, he now devotes the entire day and frowns upon the evening candle as it gutters down to midnight.

Though this doctrine may seem new, and though it carries with it the label of the twentieth century, it is in reality as old as the world itself, and it is to be found in places where you least expect. Centuries back, when the Sacred Feet of the God-Man had just ceased to sanctify the hills and valleys of Judea, there came to the people of Corinth a strange man with a single, absorbing purpose. Some knew him as a maker of tents, and to their thinking—they said—he would never set the world afire with his craftsmanship; while others knew him as a Christian, and Apostle, and marvelled that he had not wrought a conflagration by his zeal. "Does Paul," some one would say as he issued from a Christian service, "does Paul, I wonder, ever think or speak of anything else but the Christ?" The answer is plain. We have it in the words of the Saint himself,—in the words of him whom Christ, seeking as the world to-

day seeks, the supreme ability of specialization, singled out by a stroke of His Almighty power, to spread the infant Faith;—Paul, the specialist of specialists; who could write to the faithful of Corinth: "I know but one thing among you,—Jesus Christ, and Him crucified."

I think I know, my dear young men, what is going on in the minds of some of you at this moment. You heard me speak of specialization, and again, of Saint Paul, who had specialized on Christ, and you have disturbing suspicions, perhaps, as to what I am going to say next. In a kind of indignant anticipation you would cry out:—"Is he going to ask me to specialize in Religion?"

No, I'll not ask you to do that.—But Christ is going to ask you!

"No man can serve both God and Mammon." And again—

"Child, give me thy heart!"

There is the prescription for your specialization,—written in no recondite formula, but so plainly that he who runs may surely read.

Specialization in piety, you know, or concentration (for that is another name for it),—concentration on the service of God, is not of the hands. Piety is not concentration of the hands, nor yet of the mind; it is rather a question of the will and the heart. I could be the busiest person in the world and yet be the most pious. King Louis was pious—stupendously, heroically so, yet the mind of Louis was the traffic-center of a nation's cares. Marshall Foch was pious,— uncommonly so, yet the piety of Foch proved shock-proof in the world's greatest crisis. These men stood with their feet firmly planted on the ground and their heads were in the stars. In all their piety they were most human.

Indeed, my dear young men, we must get away from this notion that piety, solid genuine piety, is something isolated, or sentimental, or wry-faced, or uncivil, or in any other way inhuman. Why, piety is thoroughly human in being half divine. Borne up by a vivid faith, the saint gets from life an appreciation and a joy that is far from known in our close spheres. Standing on the heights of selflessness, the Saint visions and venerates the race; he is consummately social; he will share his coat with a freezing beggar, and his heart with a begging soul: he is intensely practical,—he is suspicious of the dilettante and abhorrent of the visionary. Wry-faced? Not the Saint! His smile is expansive, and his merriment contagious. Isolated? Bent forever over his priedieu? Not the Saint! Every star is for him a sanctuary-lamp, and every passerby a tabernacle of the Image of God.

Such was the piety of Saint Paul; and such the piety of his gigantic successor, Saint Francis Xavier;—a piety strikingly human and adaptable: always natural and charming, whether silent and composed before a lonely altar, or vivaciously conversing at the festive table of a Petronius in Rome, or at the gaming-board of some buccaneers in India. Such

again, is the piety which we must develop during our years as students at Holy Cross, and which we must take away with us when we leave these hills, a piety that will stamp us as men who have specialized in the service of God, and differentiates us from the shallow trifler with things divine;—a piety that will be, not a flare and a flash at the Easter-time, but a glow throughout the year.

Specialization, then, is piety, and piety is the steady devotion of the soul to its God and His law. Specialization is a constant fidelity to Christ, like the fidelity to ourselves that we look for in our friend! The specialist does not haunt the altar, just as a friend does not haunt our hearth; but Christ can trust the specialist away from the altar, as we trust our friend away from our hearth.

This we may say in general regarding our specialization in religion. But let us be more practically specific, let us bring this doctrine down to the daily routine of our college lives. If you have specialized in Jesus Christ, then you will show this fact by responding promptly to the bell which summons you to daily Mass. You will realize that this is one of the religious customs of a Catholic school, and, as sincere Catholics, you will be most strict in its observance. You will further realize the devotion which you should practise during your attendance at Mass, and you will give yourselves whole-heartedly to the duty at hand. This is a very serious matter, and one that cannot be taken lightly. If you are devoted to the things of God, then Sunday will mean for you a fervent Communion and a thanksgiving, not merely a grudging attendance at Mass. If you are devoted heart and soul, as you should be, to the cause of your religion, then you will realize, as undoubtedly you do realize, that the Catholic Church looks to you to take your places in the front ranks of Catholic leaders, and with this realization before you, you will bend every effort to prepare yourselves during the days of your college years to assume the task to which you are called. If your hearts are set on Christ, neither the banter of irreligion or the smut of impurity will fall from your lips upon which the Body and Blood of your Savior has so often rested. If you are devoted to Christ, then you will also be devoted to His Blessed Mother, into whose care you will daily entrust your purity. This is one of your most precious possessions, and you must guard it as you would your life.

My dear young men, the man who would specialize in religion concentrates on Christ, and Christ in turn concentrates on such an individual.

God grant, my dear young men, that you may always be known as men of sincere, genuine piety, as men who have specialized heart and soul in Jesus Christ and in the things that are His Father's. If this is so, then you may say as did the great St. Paul, "I have judged myself to know nothing among you, but Jesus Christ and Him crucified!" Then, and then alone, will you merit the title "crusader," for you will be crusaders in the richest sense of the word; you will be crusaders of Jesus Christ.